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LIFE



"FOREVER!"

A Ballad of Oyster Bay.



HE was an honest Oysterman.
 (At least, he seemed to be.)
 I met him on a neck of land
 That jutted out to sea.
 And when I asked him who
 he was,
 He answered pleasantly:
 "I am the House, and the Senate bold,
 The chief of the Navy Crew,
 The Cabinet, and you just bet
 I'm boss of the Army, too."
 I fixed him with an anxious look.
 "Dear sir, how can this be?
 Although quite plain, your answer seems
 Impossible to me."
 He merely looked at me and smiled,
 And added thoughtfully:

"And I am a strenuous, steadfast
 type—
 A scholar, a sportsman true,
 A diplomat, a plutocrat,
 And a writer and fighter, too."
 "He is a lunatic," I thought—
 "A poor, deluded thing,
 Whose fancy 'tis to play the rôle
 Of some archaic king."
 And as I turned upon my heel
 I heard him muttering:
 "I'm the boss, you know, of the whole
 blame show,
 In every respect but this—
 'Tis very plain that Mr. Payne
 Is in charge of the Post Office."
 "Childe Harold."

Selfishness.

NOT opposed to Jews? Why
 not?"

"Why, you see, the lobster supply
 gets smaller every year and the popu-
 lation bigger. The larger the propor-
 tion of Jews in the population the
 more lobsters for the rest of us, and I
 particularly like lobsters."

Fallen from Grace.

IS your husband a religious man?"
 asked Mrs. Skidmore of Mrs.
 Bunting.
 "He was," replied Mrs. Bunting,
 "but in an evil hour he bought an
 automobile."



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLIII. SEPT. 24, 1903. No. 1091.
19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

Published every Thursday. \$5.00 a year in advance. Postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.94 a year extra. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents.

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AFTER all, the President sent his warships to a fairly good market when he sent them to Beirut. We have been getting news from there in increased quantity ever since the ships arrived. It may be that there is not, just at this time, a Turkish port on the Mediterranean where the presence of two American warships in the harbor would not be promptly productive of news on shore, but if that is so, it is the Sultan's misfortune and not the fault of the President. The story that it was a chance shot from a passing wedding party that did not hit Consul Magelssen has not been well stuck to. It seems that some one did fire at him. Even so, the Beirut episode is a small matter, except that it is the American point of contact with the highly momentous turmoil in Southwestern Europe. Things seem to be moving there in earnest. Macedonians are shooting Turks; Bulgarians are egging them on and helping them; Montenegrins, Rumanians and Servians are all getting ready to take a hand; the whole Turkish army seems to be stirring, and lookers-on, who are perfect in their geography and claim to be well informed in European politics, say that it really means formal war between Bulgaria and Turkey and a general rising of the neighbors against the Sultan and his rule. And, of course, the Sultan's massacre-mill is running

night and day and Sundays, and, of course, too, there will be no true comfort for the Balkans until the Sultan ceases to rule over any European provinces.



WHETHER there will be much comfort even then is not very certain, for the whole of Turkey, and of what was recently Turkey, is peopled with folks who are hostile, one to another, by race, creed and politics, and love mightily to pull hair and cut throats. It is so in Asiatic Turkey as well as in the Balkans. Armenia, where, as will be recalled, there are sometimes had epidemics of massacre, is in Asia, and Russia is her neighbor. And Beirut is in Asia also!

Is anything going to be left to the Sultan? Why should there be? Why should he be a temporal sovereign any more than the Pope? Give him a palace at Constantinople, and let him set up shop as the head of the Mahometan religion!



WE who live in New York have engrossing business nearer home. We have got to elect a Mayor again. So far as appears at this writing, we shall be invited to choose between Mayor Low and Tammany. It doesn't greatly matter whom Tammany puts up. The probability is that it will be McClellan. He is a respectable man, but less attractive to an independent voter than Mr. Shepard would be. But whoever Tammany puts up, even Mr. Shepard himself, must stand for Tammany. Men who want Tammany rule will vote for him, and men who don't will vote for the other fellow.

Mr. Low is not satisfactory to all the anti-Tammany Democrats. Next year is a Presidential year, and it is harder than it was two years ago to keep national politics out of the city election. Therefore, there has been a strong disposition to put a Democrat

at the head of the Fusion ticket. As to that, we share Mr. Low's sentiment in being for the man who is most likely to beat Tammany. But we hope Mr. Low is that man, for the nomination seems sure to go to him, and if it does, we are heartily for him. His administration has not been perfect, but it has been very good, and under the rule that he stands for, the city is steadily growing in grace and decency. It must not go backwards. The shameful days of Croker and Van Wyck, of police blackmail, of "graft," despotism and the red-light horrors must not return. And they will return, sure as taxes, unless Tammany can be beaten, beaten, beaten, until it is clean starved out.



IN *McClure's Magazine* for September there is an instructive article about the New Industrial Conspiracy, meaning the coalition of labor bosses and employers of labor for their mutual advantage, and the spoliation of the man who pays. It tells how things are going in Chicago. For example: The coal teamsters have formed so strong a union that nobody can drive a coal wagon in Chicago except themselves. The coal team owners have formed an Association for their mutual protection. Nobody can own and run a coal wagon in Chicago except themselves. Now in the fulness of time, the teamsters and the wagon owners, both absolute monopolies, owing their monopoly to force, instead of fighting one another, come to an agreement, by the terms of which wages and hours and methods of work are arranged to suit the teamsters, and the wagon owners charge what price they choose for delivering coal. Each protects the other in his monopoly by the use of whatever weapons are suitable, and there is no appeal from their common decree. They actually forbade the use of natural gas by large concerns in Chicago because it hurt their business, and their prohibition had to be obeyed, because to disregard it meant to get no coal. So it goes in scores of other cases. It is a highly edifying development and will repay study. There are stories, not yet in print, of like coalitions in the building industry in New York.



"I need no other sign."

Presence of Mind.

IT was ten minutes past the hour for the ceremony, and the bridegroom had not come. It afterwards developed that he had run over in his automobile a man who had money, and was unavoidably detained, but this did not appear at the time.

The bride, however, was not flustered.

"Is there," she demanded, "no millionaire in the audience who will marry me?"

An ice man, who had long wanted to break into society, signified his assent, and the ceremony proceeded. For, as the bride afterwards remarked:

"To disappoint our guests would have been bad form."

FIRST PHILANTHROPIST: Aren't you getting too extravagant?

SECOND PHILANTHROPIST: Why, no! I'm giving within my income.

Love's Day.

IN Cupid's calendar a day
For me is but your face:
I need no other sign to say
How goes Time's dizzy race.

I find the dawn around your throat;
Your mouth a scarlet rose;
Your voice, the bird's entrancing note;
And thus my morning goes.

Noon's sunlight lingers in your smile;
Within your cheeks I see
The flush of beauty stay awhile
To stir the heart of me.

Twilight and dusk,— forever fair
Are love's enamored skies;
My dreams are shadowed by your hair
And lighted by your eyes!

Felix Carmen.

Talk.

TALK is the ultimate basis of polite society. Money is the main thing, of course, but only as it talks.

In business or politics, talk is a mere utility; in love, a superfluity. But in polite society, talk rises to the plane of the Boze Arts.

It is a boor who talks when he has something to say. The true gentle studies never to have anything to say, and is thus able to talk freely all the time without fear of violating the proprieties.

Only scandal-mongers are suffered to talk shop in polite society.

Talk is cheap, but a couple of pecks of diamonds skilfully worn do wonders overcoming the effect of this.

A Difference in Time.

EDITOR: You needn't bother about that historical editorial.

LEADER WRITER: But it's all ready. I wrote it in two hours.

"Well, I want a humorous one in its place. How long will it take?"

"Oh, about two days."

MR. ROBIN: The children don't seem so well to-day. Can it be possible those worms weren't good?

MR. ROBIN: I'm sure of it. They ought to have been sterilized.

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$8,749.82
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"Joe Brown".....	10.00
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A MOST scholarly, thoughtful and sane discussion of the proper relations between aesthetics and the imperative demands of commerce, sanitation and convenience in the modern city and of the underlying art principles applicable to the problem is contained in Charles Mulford Robinson's volume upon *Modern Civic Art*. The book deserves high praise and many readers. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

Mr. F. G. Kitton's collection of *The Poems and Verses of Charles Dickens* forms a large and handsome volume, with very little in it. Dickens did upon occasion, and with some grace, "drop into poetry," but his most vituperative enemy never accused him of taking himself seriously in that medium, and he would be the last to thank the compiler of the present volume. (Harper and Brothers. \$2.00.)

Anne Carmel is a novel by Gwendolen Overton, the author of *The Heritage of Uvrest*. It is a French-Canadian story, with the interest centered in a village priest and his sister. It is unusual and unconventional, if anything stronger than her first work, and decidedly a book to be read. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

To be frank, *Brewster's Millions*, by Richard P. Greaves, is trash. Brewster, in order to get six millions under his uncle's will, has to spend in a year the million he already has. The book tells how he does it, but it is neither exciting nor original, and therefore cannot even be rated good trash. (Herbert S. Stone and Company, Chicago.)

The latest addition to Appleton's series of historic lives is a biography of *Sir William Johnson*, by Augustus C. Buell. Mr. Buell has a pretty gift and a light hand for this kind of work, and his study of the founder of Fort Johnson, where we have met so many heroes of historical romance in the last few years, is very readable. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.00.)

Mr. George Ade is quite at his best in

People You Know, his latest collection of social comment. Mr. Ade's humor is closely allied to that of our Scotch friends. It is not so much what he says that counts, as the outrageous way in which he says it. (R. H. Russell.)

Pearl Island is a story of adventure for boys, by Andrew Caster, with a nice, thick layer of the butter of adventure spread on a very thin slice of the bread of probability. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

A Soldier of Conscience. A memoir of Edward Perkins Clark, for eighteen years a prominent editorial writer on the *New York Evening Post*. (The Eagle Press, Brooklyn. \$1.00.)

From the Diary of a Littérateur.

IT is three weeks since a work of mine made a hit. There is no rest for genius.

To-morrow I shall take my stenographer into the garden and have him write down exactly what the trees say, and the sky and the green grass.

Day after to-morrow I shall print a nature book and have the world at my feet again.

VON BLUMER: I came near being taken for a deer in the Adirondacks.

MRS. VON BLUMER: That's singular, when you're such a bear at home.

Defense.

THE establishment of a South Pacific squadron makes us virtually secure against foreign attack.

Experts profess to have no fear of Germany ever tunneling under the Atlantic. Supposing Germans able to dig such a tunnel, how about terminal facilities, with the Common Council of New York so strongly Irish?

Nevertheless, we shall need a budget. For there is the military chest (the military seem to get chestier and chestier), to say nothing of the expense of warships knocking their bottoms off developing search problems.



MR. AND MRS. MUNNIE DUSSYT may remain in the house next Sunday morning.

There is no truth in the report that Justor Kubbe is engaged to Miss Tootoo Kylling.

Mr. Pursey Strutt has not yet returned from abroad, nor has Mrs. Strutt. In fact, neither of them has been away.

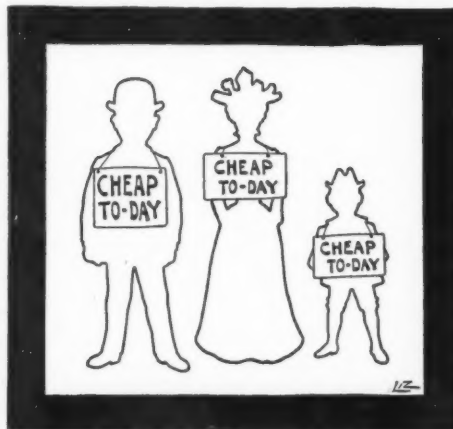
Mrs. Hardy Snubber gave a dinner last Thursday. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Stuckon Show, Mr. and Mrs. Synchon Koppah, Mrs. Funnie Rekkod and Dedleigh Bohr. Aside from clothes, jewelry and what passed for conversation, there was also noticeable some gay badinage and forced laughter. Altogether a delightful evening.

Mrs. Eppyderm Hyde was seen on the Avenue yesterday afternoon. She may have returned home since.

Mr. and Mrs. Wursen Euceliss expect to be either in this country or abroad mornings or afternoons in January or June.

Willie Jinnanseltz is visiting the John Bullions. So is Miss Shaidie Past.

Last Monday afternoon, about four o'clock, Mrs. Kossleigh Shimmer ate a biscuit. Her mother was one of the Philadelphia Nutthens.



HUMAN LIFE IN NEW YORK.



THE ANNUAL FIELD MEET OF THE FREAK GUN CLUB.

Overpopulation.



WE have often read the scriptural command about increasing, multiplying and replenishing the earth; Which the same the human race has been respecting without ceasing,

Since the time our first progenitors had birth.

We have also read the Malthus screed, in which the fact is stated, That if we don't stop this programme we'll be overpopulated; And it frankly is admitted, if some lines had been abated,

Or had never seen existence,
We'd be better situated;
As for instance:

There's the man who gets a job because he is somebody's son,
He's too numerous.
There's the man behind the jimmy, there's the man behind the gun,
He's too numerous.
There's the fossil who is out of date, and should be on the shelf;
There's the pauper as to intellect, who's left a wad of pelf,
Lives by other people's work, and never does a lick himself,
He's too numerous.
There's the fellow who imagines he's the whole, blamed, blooming show,
He's too numerous.
There's the man who thinks he knows it and lays out to tell you so,
He's too numerous.
There's the man who's after dollars and who has no higher aim;
There's the man who has all truth staked in his theologic claim;
There are several million others whom I haven't time to name,
They're too numerous.

J. A. Edgerton.

An Appeal.

EDITOR OF LIFE: Would you be so good as to make an announcement in your far-reaching publication that the Massachusetts Anti-Compulsory Vaccination Society is taking a vaccination case on appeal from the Massachusetts Supreme Court to the Supreme Court of the United States?

No case of the kind has ever been taken to the United States Supreme Court. Several State Supreme Courts have decided the compulsory vaccination law to be unconstitutional, and the Massachusetts Supreme Court is the only one that has said it was constitutional and really worked no hardship. If any one did not wish to be vaccinated, all that was required of them was the payment of five dollars. This seems an enormous hardship, and an admission that the law is not right. If the law is right, of course it should be enforced. If it is not right, why force protestants to pay any sum to exempt themselves therefrom?

If the Supreme Court of the United States declares the compulsory vaccination law unconstitutional, no State of the Union can thereafter enact such a law, and those already in existence will be wiped off. This,

therefore, is as much a help to any other State as to Massachusetts, and we feel that other States would be willing to help us financially in view of this fact. Pennsylvania has already pledged her financial aid, and if you would be so good as to put a notice calling the attention of your readers to this matter, I think, no doubt, there would be those who would respond.

Thanking you in advance for your friendly assistance, I am, cordially yours,

J. C. Hunderson.

LIFE's heartiest sympathies are with the people of Massachusetts. Five dollars seems a small sum for the privilege of deciding for oneself what medical treatment shall be avoided, but the principle involved is a very large one.

"Love Currency."

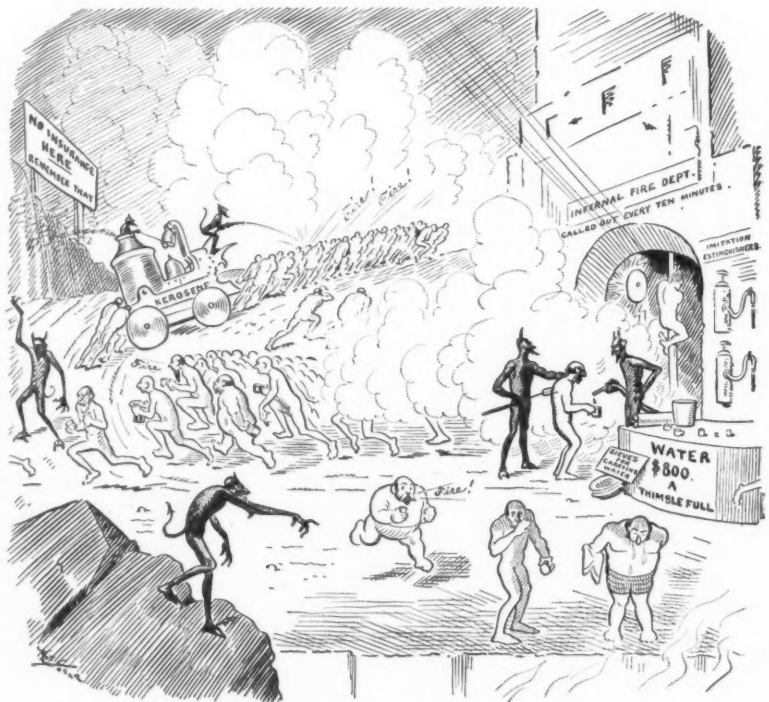
SPEAKING of money which "loving hearts" have pledged to the Mother Church in Boston, Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, in a recent message to her disciples (*Christian Science Journal*), says, feelingly:

In the *now* they brought their tithes into His storehouse, *then* when this bringing is consummated, God will pour them out a blessing above the song of angels, beyond the ken of mortals—a blessing that two millions of love currency will bring to be discerned in the near future as a gleam of reality, not a madness and nothing. . . .

Why a "gleam" of reality? Isn't "love currency" real, absolutely?

"WHAT do you suppose they make this Scotch whiskey of?"

"Alcohol, smoke and dialect."



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

ETERNALLY TRYING TO PUT OUT THE FIRES OF HELL—THE PUNISHMENT FOR PEOPLE WHO SET FIRE TO THEIR PROPERTY TO GET THE INSURANCE



AARON'S ROD.

Pharaoh: BY ISIS! SNAKES!

The Queen: NONSENSE, EGYPT! YOU'VE BEEN DRINKING. THEY ARE ONLY THE LATEST THING IN STICKS.

Patriotism.

BEFORE we enter on the business of teaching patriotism in the public schools, should we not choose once for all as between the various styles of patriotism?

Certainly it would seem well to avoid, if possible, having our children's

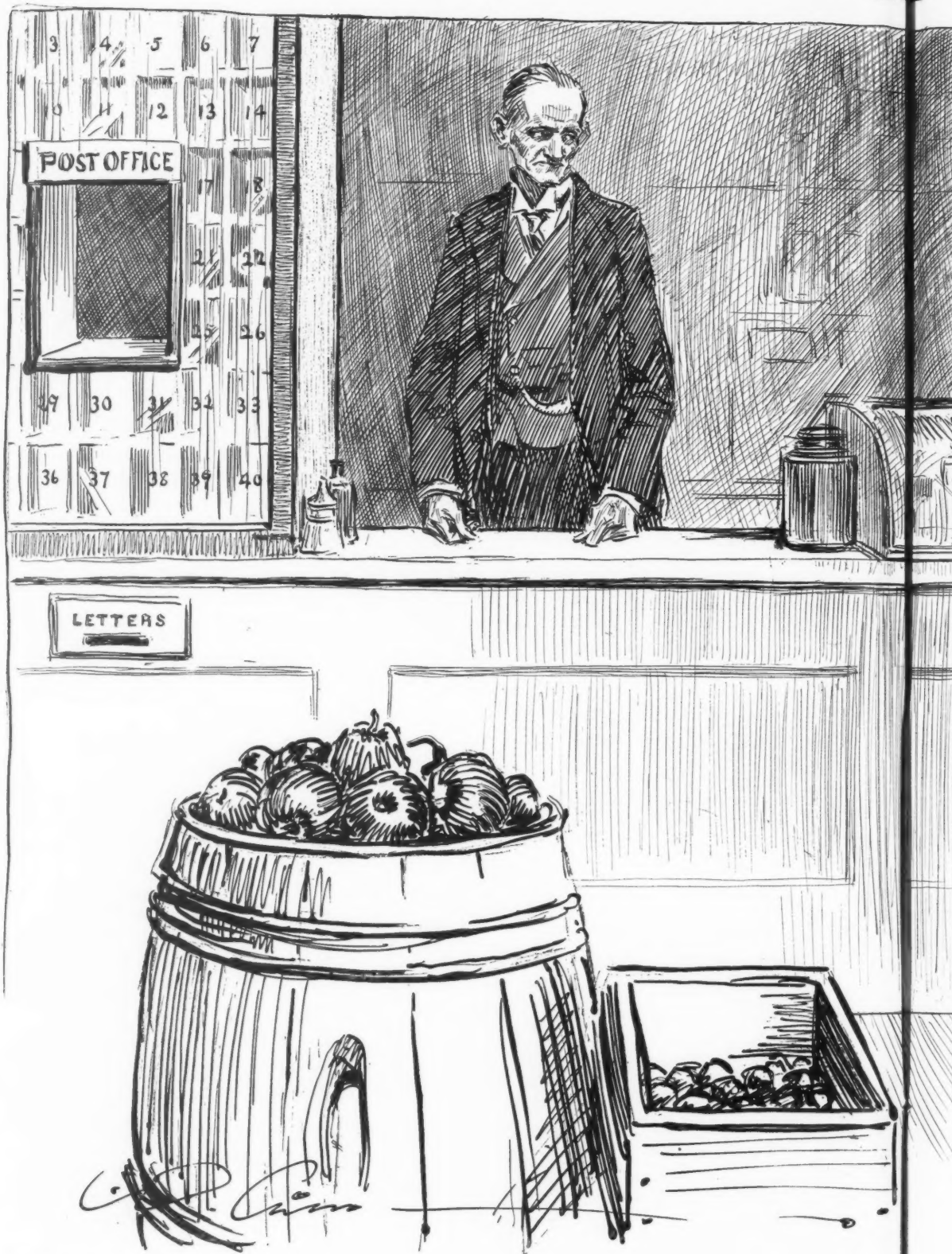
patriotism fall into the chaotic state of their handwriting, which by reason of infirmity of pedagogical purpose is neither vertical nor slanting.

Shall it be the strenuous patriotism of Mr. Roosevelt, or the reposeful patriotism of Mr. D. B. Hill, or an eclectic patriotism?

Literary Note.

THE new Paragon Dictionary contains over a billion definitions. Ten thousand editors have been at work eight years inventing words for it.

The Paragon is sold with a hydraulic crane, and is the only complete dictionary which women and children can consult as readily as the strongest men.



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NO LETTERS.
IT ISN'T ALWAYS THE CASE THAT IS THOUGHT





"Peggy from Paris," et al.



THE color schemes in "Peggy from Paris," by George Ade and William Loraine, must have been laid out by an artist or costumer with acute mania or in the final throes of delirium tremens. Women's apparel of the present time has educated or tamed our eyes to some remarkable violations of the elementary laws of color, but in the apparel used in "Peggy" we have all those and an additional assortment never dreamed of on land or sea.

Mr. Ade's book and Mr. Loraine's score are both not guilty of originality or novelty. Neither lines nor airs will live for more than a century or two. The fun is limited in amount and stereotyped in quality, while the stage business is reminiscent of farce-comedy and vaudeville tricks of the not very remote past—somewhere along about the close of the Rebellion. The company is adapted admirably to the piece, which statement will serve instead of a rehearsal of their names.

Mr. Savage, who produces "Peggy" and stands sponsor for Mr. Ade as a librettist, is also the owner of the Castle Square Opera Company, and has done much for musical education in America, through his popularization of the standard operas. The public taste is sufficiently debauched by vulgar and mediocre musical comedies without Mr. Savage lending his aid to the bad work.

IT is not to be denied that Mrs. Langtry is not a great actress; personally beautiful and attractive, yes. In the persistence of her beauty she throws down the gage to the immortal goddesses of mythology, to Ninon de L'Enclos, ay, even to Lillian Russell herself. But she does not seem able to project herself across the footlights. Her magnetism does not carry, because it does not impress the auditor as being based on sincerity. What she does and says are too obviously acting to carry any ring of truth. As *Lady Clancarty*, in a play which was of another period and appealed more to the imagination, she was vastly more effective than amid the surroundings of present-day life.

"Mrs. Deering's Divorce" is preposterous in its improbabilities. A divorced woman who puts on black, for the conventional mourning period, after the decree, is absurd, of course, but no more so than some of the complications in the piece which are meant to be taken seriously. The husband, played with *sang froid* and considerable distinction by Mr. Paul Arthur, is one of the impossible husbands, found more frequently in French farce than elsewhere,

who is unable to see a centimetre beyond the end of his own nose. The piece is comedy on very broad lines, indeed, but the percentage of seriousness involved should carry with it a trifle more of consistency with real life.

Mrs. Langtry's company is not a remarkable one, although reasonably competent. The young man who enacts the character used by Mrs. Deering to rouse the jealousy of her divorced husband added to the general tone of improbability by the fact that such a youth could not rouse the jealousy of any one, much less that of a seasoned rounder like Mr. Arthur's *Captain Deering*. A clever bit of character acting was Katherine Stewart's fat dowager, *Lady Grandprier*.

In its entirety "Mrs. Deering's Divorce" is a polite and amusing entertainment, but it stops short of greatness.

FOREIGNERS who drop into the Knickerbocker—one of New York's leading theatres, situated at one of the most conspicuous spots on New York's principal thoroughfare—and see a couple of vulgar men standing at the center of the stage and spitting silly or antique jests into each other's face, must have a lofty opinion of the intelligence and refinement of the American public. The Rogers Brothers on the Bowery in a cheap vaudeville theatre might not be out of place; to announce their unpleasant personalities as the main feature in one of New York's most important theatres is an insult to New York's intelligence, or, if the appeal is successful, a strong proof that New York audiences have no intelligence.

Of course, no audience, no matter how stupid or depraved, could stand an entire evening of the Rogers Brothers, so they are given a background of what, by a stretch of courtesy, might be called musical comedy. This is a very poor specimen of what has come to be a poor kind of entertainment. Poor music, silly lines and the usual aggregation of gaudily unclad, ungraceful and unintelligent girls make the entire show a dead level of vulgarity. The most successful thing about the piece is the brazen advertisement of a cheap department store on Sixth Avenue, to which laudable dramatic end is devoted one entire act.

EVEN if it killed them, the Rogers Brothers and their managers ought to be chained down and compelled to stay through a performance of the "Three Little Maids." They couldn't appreciate it nor understand its wit and refinement, but their agony would be an amusing spectacle. *Metcalfe.*

LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

- Academy of Music.*—Charles Warner in "Drink."
Belasco.—"The Darling of the Gods." Scenic and impressive.
Bijou.—William Collier in "Personal." Light weight. Mostly Collier.
Broadway.—"A Princess of Kensington," with James T. Powers featured. Operetta, midway between good and bad.
Casino.—"The Runaways." Said to be much improved since its dire first performance.
Daly's.—"Three Little Maids." Real musical comedy, daintily, funnily and artistically done.
Garrick.—"Vivian's Papa." Farce. Funny, but high-flavored.
Knickerbocker.—The Rogers Brothers. See above.
Madison Square.—"My Wife's Husbanda." Farce. Clean and reasonably funny.
Majestic.—"The Wizard of Oz." Amusing spectacular extravaganza.
Manhattan.—Mrs. Fiske in "Mary of Magdala." Religiously spectacular dramatization of the story of the Magdalen.
Murray Hill.—Edward Harrigan in "Unser Cover."
Princess.—"The Earl of Pawtucket." Last season's comedy success.
Savoy Theatre.—Mrs. Langtry in "Mrs. Deering's Divorce." See above.
Wallack's.—"Peggy from Paris." See above.

An Artist's Wife.



MRS. "PETE."

DEAR LIFE: I wonder if you are young, or if you are old and gray. Why, oh, tell me why, do all of "Pete's" drawings come back—not wanted? Sometimes, LIFE, you are very contrary. You keep some sketches back, and then Pete's wife gets to building air castles and dreaming that at last Pete has pleased LIFE. But not so; for back they all come—not of any use to us. Please, LIFE, accept something. I'd like to see Pete win just once. I am sending you my photo, well know-

ing that you will consign it to the waste basket. The only reason I send it is: Don't you think I'd look better with a swell costume, coming from a check that you might some time send to Pete? Oh, dear, I hope you are young, although not too young. Youth is kind. Good-bye, LIFE. Be good to Pete when he deserves it, and pardon my boldness in writing to you.

Respectfully yours, Mrs. "Pete."
SAN FRANCISCO, August, 1903.

Wanted: A Carnival.

FOR some years now the Winter Carnival has not been held at Montreal, and the continent at large has felt the loss.

The fact is that there ought to be a Winter Carnival somewhere to foster our winter sports.

What better place than New York?

In lieu of the usual ice palace, a mud palace can be erected at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street.



"YOU KNOW SHE ALWAYS THINKS THAT OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES ARE WORSE THAN HER OWN."
"WHY, THE WOMAN MUST BE UTTERLY LACKING IN IMAGINATION!"

In place of the usual toboggan slide, an automobile dash can be arranged for, with human beings for hurdles.

Contests can be arranged of parties who try to cross Broadway and Twenty-third Street, those not being run over in a given time to have a blue ribbon.

In place of hockey, what is the matter with trying to board a Broadway car in full motion?

The New Football.

IN the first half, a player had his cap knocked off. But there was no demonstration, except by some fashionable girls in a tally-ho, who jeered sarcastically and tore up their flags.

In the second half, a substitute suffered an attack of indigestion. He was able to walk off the field, however, and elicited little enthusiasm.

At the end of the game, the spectators clamored for their money back. But the police, with great presence of mind, promptly shot ten or a dozen persons, and the sight of the blood soon put the crowd in good humor.



The Rower: SAY, MISTER. TALK TO LEEWARD, WILL YOU?

There and Back.



"WHAT I want," said Witherby, "and what I propose to have, is a trip to the woods. I want to sit in the heart of the primeval forest and commune with myself. I want to be a companion to the black bear, and feel myself in tune with the tall pines. My dear, will you join me?"

Mrs. Witherby sighed.

"Are you sure, dear," she said, "that it would be best? Perhaps—"

"That's just like a woman," said Witherby. "Always throwing cold water on the most perfect system for having real fun. But this time, my dear girl, you shall not thwart me. I've seen Robinson and he's going to let me have his camp in the Canadian woods. My outfit is coming. Rubber blankets, hunting suits, rubber boots, guns, rods and everything are on hand. Here are my tickets. And we start to-night."

Witherby's determined face looked down into his wife's. There seemed no help for it.

"Very well," she said quietly. "If it must be, my dear, why, it must be."

* * *

THE next afternoon at three, two people on a buckboard were rolling and pitching over a corduroy road. On the front seat sat their guide, who had met them at the station by appointment. As they plunged on like a ship in a storm, Witherby pointed out the beauties of nature to his wife.

"There," he said, as he threw both arms around the guide's neck to avoid falling out, "is a genuine deer run. These beautiful animals are so gregarious that they troop through the woods in single file. Isn't it so, guide?"

"Naw," said the guide, "that ain't no deer run. That's a log road."

"Well," said Witherby, "we'll see plenty of 'em by and by, anyway. I've read about 'em in books."

By and by they came to a clearing and stopped. They were greeted by a miserable little cabin on the edge of the woods.

Witherby danced with joy.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as he took out a glistening bowie-knife attached to his waist, "we are here. I wish I had a deer to skin."

In the distance a rifle shot rang out, and there was a peculiar whizzing sound.

"What's that?" asked Witherby hoarsely.

"Unless I'm very much mistaken," said Mrs. Witherby, turning pale, "that was a bullet. Wasn't it, guide?"

"Yep," said the guide sententiously; "you'll get used to that after awhile. These amachoor hunters are right plenty this year. All you have to do is lay low and you'll be safe enough."

The guide started a fire, and they sat down to their evening meal. In the meantime Mrs. Witherby had been investigating.

"Where are we going to sleep?" she said, coming back to the fire.

"In the lean-to," said the guide. "That's where

every one has to sleep that comes here."

The lean-to consisted of a low structure open at one end, the floor of which was covered with a layer of balsam boughs.

"Isn't it grand?" said Witherby. "How we will sleep. Hello, what's that?"

He slapped his hand on his face.

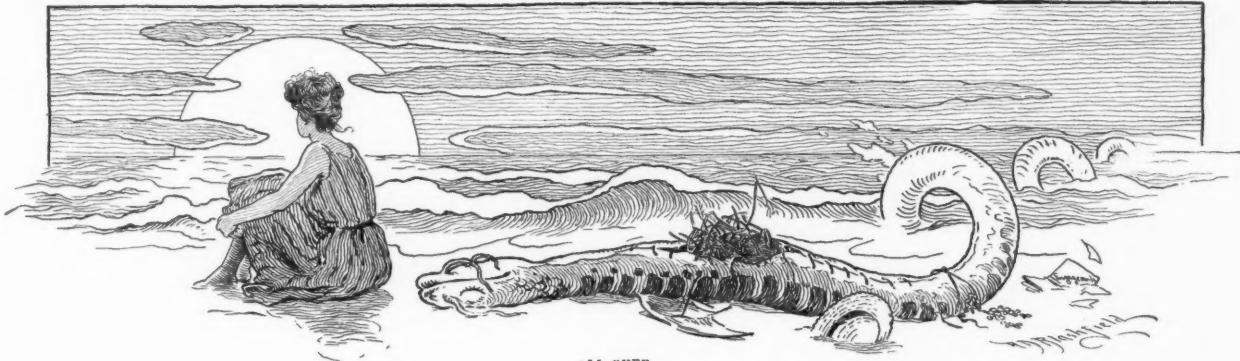
"Punkys," said the guide. "Guess we'd better have a smudge."

The punkys proved to be a minute insect, so small they could scarcely be seen with the naked eye. Soon, however, they were enveloped by a dense cloud of smoke from the



The Deacon: FOUL CURSE OF MANKIND! PITILESS QUENCHER OF THE FIRES OF HOPE AND AMBITION! BASE POLLUTER OF THE SACRED HEARTHSTONE AND MERCILESS SOUL-DEVOURING MONSTER—

The Whiskey Bottle: GRACIOUS! AND TO THINK I'M ONLY TWO YEARS OLD.



ALL OVER.

smudge, and some relief was experienced.

At nine o'clock at night, after a meal of smoked meat, ash-sprinkled potatoes and canned peaches, eaten from tin plates, they prepared for their rest.

Witherby was tired. His spirit was also somewhat tamed.

"Do you think it would be advisable," he whispered to the guide, "to remove any of our clothes?"

"No, *sir*," replied that individual slowly. "You'd have a nice time sleeping on those boughs in bare legs, wouldn't ye? And you'll get bitten enough, anyway, when the fire goes down."

THE next morning, shortly after daybreak, a solemn and silent couple, their eyelids red with smoke, their faces and hands scarred with punky bites, rode precipitately through the forest, back to the station. At last Witherby turned his bleared eyes toward the partner of his joys and sorrows.

"My dear," he said, "what is your idea of heaven?"

"What?" said Mrs. Witherby.

And her husband sighed an anticipatory sigh as he replied:

"New York City." *Tom Masson.*

AN ounce of pretension is worth a pound of Faith Cure.

Unsafety.

A PRIORI arguments are never conclusive, and yet it seems quite plain that a motor car weighing more than five hundred tons, and going at any rate in excess of one thousand miles an hour, would be unsafe.

Could anybody ride such a machine at such a speed, over ordinary roads, and live?

And as for the other snobs, would not they die of envy?

TELLER: I cannot cash this check, madam, unless I know who you are.

SHE (*haughtily*): I wouldn't accept the money, anyway, from any one who doesn't know who I am.



THE HARVEST MOON.
WORKING OVERTIME.

LIFE.



SONG OF THE SHIPYARD.

"Mother, may I go out to combine?"
 "Yes, my darling daughter;
 Sell your bonds at eighty-nine,
 And fill your stocks with water."

Lewis and Charles went up the Street
 With forty millions of water;
 The floods swept Lewis off his feet,
 And Charles came grumbling after.

Sing a song of sixpence,
 Here's the stock to buy!
 Four-and-twenty shipyards
 Baked in a pie.
 When the pie was opened
 There was no end of troubles;
 Nothing in that pretty dish
 But iridescent bubbles.

—New York Evening Post.

A MINISTER was one day walking along a road, and to his astonishment he saw a crowd of boys sitting in front of a ring with a small dog in the center. When he came up to them, he put the following question: "What are you doing to the dog?" One little boy said, "Whoever tells the biggest lie wins it." "Oh," said the minister, "I am surprised at you little boys, for when I was like you I never told a lie." There was silence for a while, until one of the boys shouted, "Hand him up the dog!"—*Labor Leader.*

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY.

[London Times.]

We have received from our New York correspondent the text of a telegram sent by the King on Thursday to President Roosevelt:

"To the President of the United States of America:
 9th July, 1903.

"I have the great pleasure of entertaining Admiral Cotton and the captains of his squadron, and have just proposed your health with every feeling of cordiality and friendship. EDWARD R. AND I."

Our correspondent adds that the message

reached President Roosevelt at Oyster Bay, in South Florida, where he is making a short stay.

[South Florida Mercury.]

We have received from our North Surrey correspondent the text of a telegram sent by the President to King Edward:

"Oyster Bay, South Florida, July 21, 1903.
 "To the King of Great Britain and Ireland, St. James's Palace, near Spring Gardens:

"I have the pleasure of wishing you joy on your Irish trip. The best of my regiment were Irishmen. I have just done myself the honor to drink your health in Lipton's Irish. Reciprocating your friendly expressions,

"THEO. O'ROOSEVELT, President."

Our correspondent adds that the message was delivered to his Majesty at Dublin-on-Lea, County Kerry, where he is spending a few days.—*Exchange.*

HEARD ON THE STREET.

ARDENT YOUTH (at the rendezvous): You see, I have come as I promised.

HIS NEW FOUND FRIEND: I'm so glad you done so.

A. Y.: Clara Warner asked me to call on her to-night, but I wouldn't of went for anything.

H. N. F. F.: I seen her to-day. She looked awful pale—powder, I guess.

A. Y.: She didn't used to look so bad.

H. N. F. F.: Oh; I ain't never thought her pretty.

A. Y.: I guess I won't go to see her no more. I like you more than her.

H. N. F. F.: Aw, you don't neither.

A. Y.: That's right; I guess I've fell in love with you.

H. N. F. F.: You're jollyin' me. Boys can't jolly me no more.

Here a man rushed up and killed both perpetrators.—*Toledo Blade.*

"No," said little Saphead, "no woman ever made a fool of me!"

"What was it?" asked Miss Pert.—*Houston Post.*

THE UMPIRE'S RUBAIYAT.

A book of rules, a frown upon my brow,
 An indicator, a good eye and thou
 Beside me, shrieking "Lobster, thou art rank!"
 Oh, this, methinks, were agony enow.

Strange, is it not, that when I call a strike,
 I 'rouse in every breast sincere dislike?
 Yet if I call that self-same curve a ball
 I am abused by Tom and Dick and Mike.

What boots it though a player be tagged out
 Beyond the slightest shadow of a doubt?
 The very instant that I wave my hand,
 From stand and bleachers comes a threatening shout.

I sometimes think that when my race is run,
 When three strikes have been called, and, all
 Undone,

I hear St. Peter read his riot act,
 I'll kick on his decision, just for fun!

—Milwaukee Sentinel.

POLITICS IN BILLVILLE.

Two candidates obliged us by ploughing six acres for us yesterday.

Our school children have been patted on the head so often of late that every 10-year-old boy in the town is baldheaded.

Some of the candidates for local offices in this settlement are running so fast that the sheriff can't get close enough to levy on them.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

MAXIMS OF THE MERGER.

A combination in time saves nine—bankruptcies.
 The hit syndicate flutters.

In the multitude of underwriters there is wisdom.

A million in hand is worth two on paper.

In union there is stock to sell.

Monopoly is the life of business.

A million stolen is a million earned.

After us the deluge—from our watered stock.—*Evening Post.*

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"IT SHOULD BE RECOGNIZED AS AN ARTICLE OF MATERIA MEDICA."
James L. Cabell, M. D., A. M., LL. D., former Prof. Physiology and Surgery in the Medical Department of the University of Virginia, and Pres. of the National Board of Health: "**BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in Uric Acid Diathesis is a well-known therapeutic resource. It should be recognized by the profession as an article of Materia Medica."

"NOTHING TO COMPARE WITH IT IN PREVENTING URIC ACID DEPOSITS IN THE BODY."

Dr. P. B. Barringer, Chairman of Faculty and Professor of Physiology, University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Va.: "After twenty years' practice I have no hesitancy in stating that for prompt results I have found nothing to compare with **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** in preventing Uric Acid Deposits in the body."

"I KNOW OF NO REMEDY COMPARABLE TO IT."

Wm. B. Towles, M. D., late Prof. of Anatomy and Materia Medica, University of Va.: "In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Rheumatic Gout, Renal Calculi and Stone in the Bladder, I know of no remedy comparable to **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** No. 2."

Voluminous medical testimony sent on request. For sale by the general drug and mineral water trade.

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Any dealer, any place.



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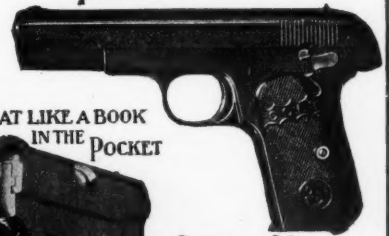
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"It's hard to have a lot of debts that you simply can't pay."

"Oh! I don't know. It's worse to have a lot that you simply have to pay."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

EDG. WOOD INN, Greenwich, Conn. The most popular summer resort hotel on the Sound shore for critical New York people. Now open.

A POSTAL card sent from Billville to one of the absent brethren, reads: "Dear Jim—Nuthin' but good news to tell you. Your crap paid off the mortgage, your brother broke out o' jail, an' your daddy has jest got \$1,000 out the railroad fer runnin' over his leg. Ain't Providence providin'!"—*Atlanta Constitution*.

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."—*Argonaut*.

ASK for Delettretz' Myrtis if you can appreciate the very finest perfume made.

"I SEE that the superintendent of a cooking school has had to retire on account of her health." "What is the matter with her?" "Dyspepsia."—*Judge*.

BRIGHTNESS of mind and strength of body come only from perfect digestion. Make the stomach strong with Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters.

"I HEARD to-day that your son was an undertaker. I thought you told me he was a physician?" "Not at all."

"I don't like to contradict, but I'm positive you did say so."

"You misunderstood me. I said he followed the medical profession."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"THE MADNESS OF MUCH MONEY," by Alfred Henry Lewis, portrays in a graphic and sensational manner the amazing eccentricities of the newly rich in *Everybody's Magazine* for October. Get it.

"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton, proudly.

"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good, because he thinks he knows it all."—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

WHEN you are at the Club, drink a nice cold bottle of *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne*. An exhilarating beverage.

WIFE: I wish we had a nice large country place, where I could give a lawn party.

HUSBAND: Just for the pleasure of inviting some of your friends, eh?

WIFE: Well, yes; and the pleasure of not inviting some.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

POMMERY—The only champagne served at the famous dinner given by the Pilgrims in honor of Sir Thomas Lipton. A fit wine for a noble guest. Those who know and appreciate the best invariably order Pommery.

A LITTLE PREVIOUS: "Well," said the doctor, "how do you feel to-day?"

"Oh, doctor," replied the patient, wearily, "I am suffering the torments of the damned."

"What! Already?" inquired the doctor, pleasantly.—*Chicago Post*.



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We experimented for years to get a yeast that was right—a yeast that would give a better flavor than any other beer had.

When we got it we saved the mother cells. And all the yeast used in Schlitz beer from that time, and forever, is developed from those original cells.

But its best goodness is purity

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